

DIARY OF A MOTOR JOURNEY
FROM
CHICAGO
TO
LOS ANGELES




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Book - M17

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DIARY OF A MOTOR JOURNEY

From  CHICAGO

BY
VERNON MCGILL

To WITH
MANY PEN
AND INK
SKETCHES
MADE BY THE
AUTHOR EN
ROUTE.



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Los Angeles, California

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By
VERNON MCGILL

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FOREWORD

If you have thought of driving across the continent and have hesitated because of supposed dangers, don't hesitate any longer on that account. Anyone who can drive a car can make the trip. It is not necessary to carry a gun. Women have made the journey alone. The mountain roads are not difficult nor dangerous. Only a little care is required. Even the desert, at which many balk, is no more difficult than other parts of the trip. The road across the Mojave is fairly good, and I bid you join the ranks of the transcontinental motorists.

THE AUTHOR.



A CINEMATOGRAPHIC PANORAMIC PHANTASMAGORIA OF
THE CONTINENT BETWEEN THESE TWO GREAT CITIES

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Diary of a Motor Journey from Chicago to Los Angeles—

OUR PARTY for the journey from Chicago to Los Angeles consisted of my wife, our daughter, aged twelve, and myself. In keeping the log of the overland cruise I have endeavored to write a few impressions and embellish them with pen and ink sketches of picturesque scenes along the way. I have also kept a record of the entire cost of the trip, analyzed it and present it herewith so that anyone contemplating such a jaunt may gain some idea of the expense. I may say that we put up at the best hotels we could find in the cities and towns through which we passed, so you will see that the cost of the trip covers best accommodations.

There is another way of motoring across the country which is less expensive, and that is with a camping outfit. Equipment for such a trip is now so efficiently arranged that it is easy to carry and requires but little space. On a camping tour one can use his car Pullman-berth fashion, or pitch his own tent at night. The majority of cross continent motorists travel this way, thus eliminating hotel room and meal expense as well as garage rental. Each town provides a free auto parking camp, with every convenience except private bath.

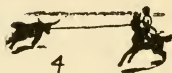
Our car was a seven-passenger 1919 Wyllis Knight. The entire trip took 21 days, and one tire puncture was our only accident. A day and a half of the time was taken for sight-seeing, in which no



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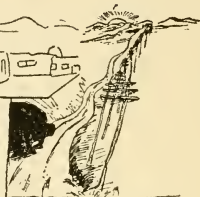


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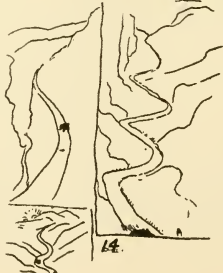


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- 1 THE OPEN ROAD
- 2 AN INDIAN HARVEST DANCE IN NEW
MEXICO
- 3 IN COLORADO
- 4 A KANSAS COWBOY ROPING A STEER
- 5 VEGETATION ON THE MOJAVE DESERT
- 6 INDIAN PUEBLO NEAR SANTA FE, NEW
MEXICO
- 7 THE OPEN ROAD
- 8 INDIAN WOMEN
- 9 SOME NATIVES
- 10 A HALT FOR REFRESHMENTS AT RATON
PASS; TRINIDAD, COLORADO, in DISTANCE
- 11 IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST OF ARIZONA
- 12 ON THE MOJAVE DESERT
- 13 GENERAL SIMPSON'S REST AT THE TOP OF A
MOUNTAIN NEAR TRINIDAD
- 14 SOME MOUNTAIN PASSES WE HAD TO CROSS
- 15 THE CAJON PASS ROAD

driving en route was done. As a rule we did not start very early in the day, sometimes it was as late as 11 o'clock. Our stopping time depended largely on the town we happened to be passing through towards evening. If the accommodations looked inviting, we called it a day.

We drove slowly and easily, rarely going over 20 to 22 miles an hour. Residents along the way were always obliging and willing to give information in regard to roads, etc.

We covered in the entire trip 2633 miles.

Our expenses were \$235.77, divided as follows:

Meals	\$ 87.41
Hotel Rooms	68.50
Gas	42.34
Oil	17.60
Garage Rent	8.15
Sundry	11.77
<hr/>	
Total.....	\$235.77

Our gas cost from 19 cents in Chicago all the way up to 50 cents per gallon in Springerville, Arizona. The high cost of gasoline in Springerville is accounted for by the fact that the town is more than 100 miles from a railroad.

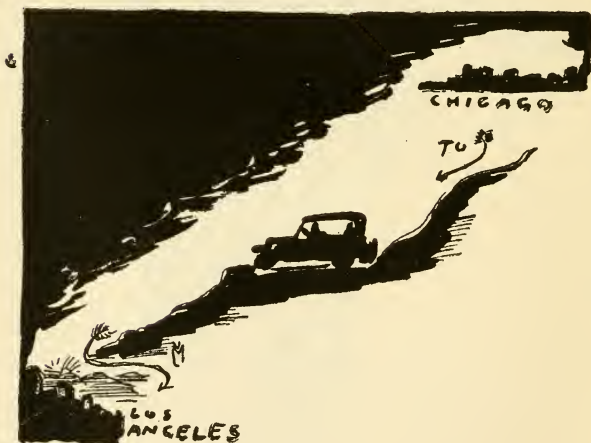
I had the oil drained and the crank case refilled twice during the trip. Garage rent was usually 50 cents per night except in the larger cities, where



A COWPUNCHER WHO POSED FOR A SKETCH

it was 75 cents or a dollar. In some towns we saved garage rent by parking on Main Street for the night. The sundry items include repairs, movie theatre tickets, etc.

Expenses for the party averaged eleven dollars a day. Gas cost one and three-fifths cents per mile, and oil cost 68 cents per hundred miles.



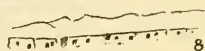
A PANORAMA JOTTED DOWN WITH PEN AND INK
ALONG THE WAY

Clinton, Iowa, Sunday, October 9, 1921.

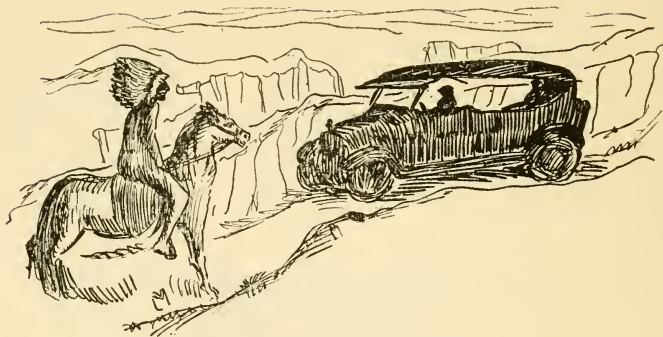
We left the Hotel Birchmont on the North Shore in Chicago, at 9 o'clock this (Sunday) morning. We proceeded south along the shore of Lake Michigan via Sheridan Road, Chicago's crack thorofare, passing through a most wonderful residence district. We continued south through the Gold Coast section into Michigan Avenue to Washington Boulevard, where we turned the nose of our car straight west and in the direction we would keep it most of the way until we saw the sun set on the Pacific Ocean.

The purring of our engine was the only sound we heard as we passed through the Sunday quiet of the man-made canyons of Chicago's loop district. The colossal, towering buildings let in a narrow strip of blue sky above us. Hurrying on we passed through the city's western suburbs, — Wheaton, Geneva, De Kalb and Sterling, emerging into a picturesque farming country. We rambled on through Morrison and Fulton, and arrived at Clinton at 5:45, where we anchored at the Hotel Lafayette for the night.

The scenery is very beautiful around Fulton and Clinton, particularly in the vicinity of the bridge over the Mississippi at Fulton. The first day's run was made over wonderful roads. With the exception of several miles of dirt and gravel, the entire distance was paved. The distance covered was 170 miles.



- 1 THE OPEN ROAD
- 2 A TOURIST, SKETCHED AT THE VARGES
HOTEL, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO
- 3 THE OPEN ROAD
- 4 DONKEY IN THE STREET AT SANTA FE
- 5 THE PACIFIC
- 6 A TOURIST HOTEL AT SANTA FE
- 7 A CANYON ROAD
- 8 AN INDIAN VILLAGE IN NEW MEXICO
- 9 THE MINES AT OATMAN
- 10 DEVIL'S CANYON ROAD
- 11 A MOJAVE INDIAN IN THE DESERT



A DISPUTED RIGHT OF WAY

Marshalltown, Iowa, Monday, October 10, 1921.

Left Clinton after an early breakfast at the Hotel Lafayette, and continued our journey over the Lincoln Highway which we had followed from Chicago. This highway is well marked and can be followed from the signs without the aid of map or guide book. It is called "America's Main Street."

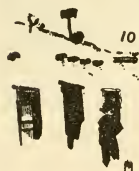
Our route today lay through a prolific farming district. We made Marshalltown our objective and the roads seemed rather rough after the pavements of yesterday. They were, however, well dragged and we were able to make fairly good time. We arrived here about 6 o'clock and experienced some difficulty in finding sleeping accommodations. A convention of Redmen of the World was in full blast, and the three hotels which the town boasts,

were all filled and had long waiting lists. Finally we persuaded the proprietor of the Pilgrim House to let us have a reservation which he was holding for some Redmen.

Marshalltown is a wild town tonight. The streets are filled with Indians in regulation costumes and with painted faces. The street scenes would delight the eye of a movie director. War whoops and cat calls echo and resound up and down Main Street, and we feel as if we were in a frontier town. Our speedometer shows that we have covered 169 miles today.



MOUNTAIN VISTAS

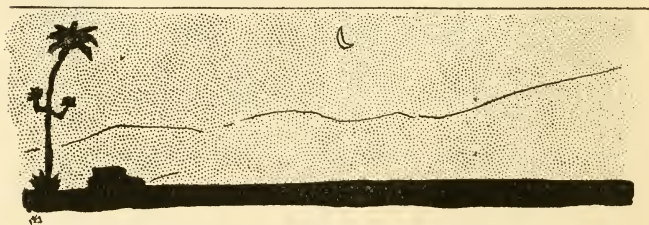


- 1 SKETCH OF EQUESTRIENNES AT BEVERLY
HILLS, CALIFORNIA
- 2 PART OF BAJADA HILL GRADE
- 3 A MOUNTAIN ASCENT
- 4 THE SNOW COVERED SAN FRANCISCO
MOUNTAINS
- 5 A ROADSIDE SKETCH
- 6 AN INDIAN SKETCHED AT SANTA FE
- 7 A TOURIST
- 8 TAKING THE ELEVATOR IN AN INDIAN
VILLAGE
- 9 A COLORADO ROAD
- 10 THE OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA AT
SANTA FE

Omaha, Nebraska, Tuesday, October 11, 1921.

We slept little as the Indians made the night hideous with war whoops until daybreak. We left Marshalltown at 8 o'clock, still going west over the Lincoln Highway. The scenes today were those of a well groomed farming country. Late in the afternoon as we neared Council Bluffs, views of scenic splendor began to unfold themselves. The slanting, golden rays of the setting sun poured over the bluffs in front of us, reflecting from the roadway through our windshield in brilliant, blinding glare. As we reached the summit of the hills there lay before us a panoramic view of Council Bluffs, spread out in the distance in a purple haze, and Omaha, too, in the valley below, with the Missouri River like a ribbon stretched between them.

We threaded our way through the rush-hour traffic of Omaha, to the Fontenelle Hotel where we camped for the night. The day's run was 221 miles.



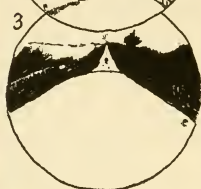
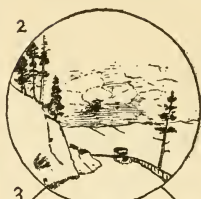
ON THE SANDS OF THE GREAT MOJAVE

*Hebron, Nebraska, Wednesday evening,
October 12, 1921.*

We got a late start this morning and did not leave Omaha until after 10 o'clock. A few miles out we switched from the Lincoln Highway to the O. L. D., which means, Omaha, Lincoln and Denver Highway. The O. L. D. signboards still mark this route, but the road has been extended to Detroit and D. L. D. signboards are being substituted. We pulled into Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, about 2 o'clock and tarried there for lunch. We also gave the town the once over.

The capitol buildings with their imposing statue of Abraham Lincoln, are well worth seeing. At Fairmont we turned south on the Meridian Highway which is an excellent pavement. It differs from many city pavements in being perfectly surfaced, level and smooth. It is a dirt road but a good one. I stated before that our average speed was a little over 20 miles per hour, but here on this highway, the average was raised considerably.

The day has been bright with sunshine and the fields on either side were green and picturesque. A light, warm breeze wafted the scent of the fallow across the road which ran perfectly straight, without bend or curve, as far as the eye could see. There were no traffic cops and no traffic, so we broke the local speed laws. The car moved along from forty to fifty miles an hour, but it did not



- 1 THE ROAD THROUGH THE SANGRE DE CRISTO MOUNTAINS NEAR SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO
- 2 and 3 THE OPEN ROAD
- 4 and 5 IN THE CAJON PASS IN CALIFORNIA
- 6 SKETCH AT EL GARCES HOTEL, NEEDLES; MOTHER AND DAUGHTER FROM IOWA ON THEIR WAY TO LOS ANGELES TO SPEND THE WINTER
- 7 THE NEWS STAND, EL GARCES HOTEL, NEEDLES
- 8 A HALT ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAINS IN ARIZONA TO SCAN THE DAZZLING AND RESPLENDENT VISTAS STRETCHING IN EVERY DIRECTION TO THE HORIZON
- 9 ROADSIDE REFRESHMENTS
- 10 THE OPEN ROAD

seem to be going so fast, so perfect was the road. We will long and gratefully remember the Meridian Highway. The houses along today's drive were fine, well kept and prosperous looking. Since morning we have been heading south for the Santa Fe Trail, which we expect to hit tomorrow. At 7 o'clock we registered here at Central Hotel for a night's lodging. Today's run was 163 miles.



AT A TOURIST AUTO CAMP EN ROUTE; SOME OF THE
FEMALE TRANSCONTINENTAL MOTORING COSTUMES

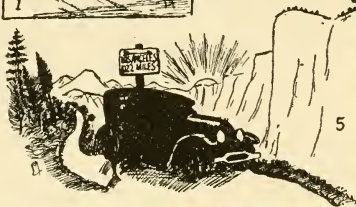


COWBOYS ROUNDING UP THEIR HERD

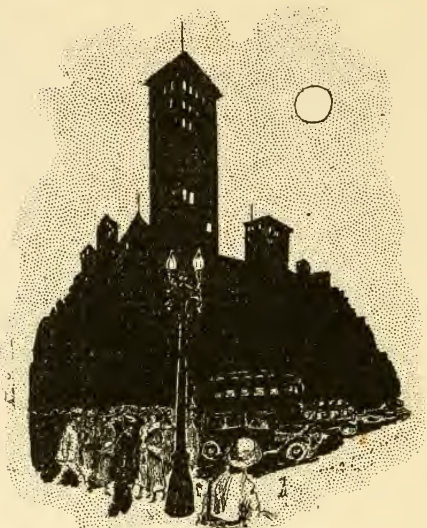
*McPherson, Kansas, Thursday evening,
October 13, 1921.*

At 4:45 this afternoon we drove into this town which is situated at the junction of Meridian Highway and the Santa Fe Trail. Through the morning hours we had a hard, trying drive, for we had to combat a combination of hurricane and Kansas tornado. We were harassed by a wind which was hot and dusty and came directly at us from the front. It blew the dust into clouds, making it impossible to see more than ten feet ahead.

We had gotten an early start from Hebron by parking our car in the middle of Main Street, right in front of the hotel, and also saved one day's garage rental. As we pushed farther south the Meridian Highway became choppy and rough, making it necessary to drive carefully. We passed a



- 1, 5, 7, 10 and 11—THE OPEN ROAD
- 2 and 3—PACKING FOR THE JOURNEY
- 4 and 6—CALIFORNIA MISSIONS
- 8 DOWNTOWN, LOS ANGELES
- 9 FEEDING SOME FEATHERED FRIENDS
- 12 THE BAJADA HILL
- 13 VIEWING A TOWN IN COLORADO FROM THE
MOUNTAINS



THREADING OUR WAY THRU THE RUSH HOUR
TRAFFIC OF OMAHA

band of gypsies camped by the roadside, a carefree, gay and happy crew. They carried their effects in three large, canvas-covered wagons. We, too, heard the Romany call and decided to buy our lunch at the next village and eat it *al fresco* by the way. From a delicatessen in Concordia, we purchased sandwiches, cookies, cakes, etc., and had our Thermos bottle filled with hot coffee; secured a bottle of milk from a passing milkman and answered the call to the open under the trees in the woods close by the highway. A hillside sheltered us from the wind-

storm, and we spread our luncheon on the green grass. The blue sky showed through the foliage above, where the slanting rays of the sun shone through.

During the afternoon we rolled through one town after another. These western towns may not have long histories as the eastern ones have, yet, what they have is given publicity. The United States Tire signs, which are made in the form of an open book and placed at the entrance to each city or town, are instructive and interesting. They give a short history of the place one is entering. At the entrance of the town of Belvidere, we read the following:

"When this town was on paper one of the incorporators got up at a meeting and moved that the name of the town be called Belvidere, after his wife—it was carried."

Mentioning signs, we noticed many ingenious publicity stunts. One sign read:

"Yes, dear, I will get some gasoline at——— garage."

In "seeing America first" along this route, one passes many points of historical interest. Today we passed the stamping ground of the famous scout, Kit Carson, and at another point a sign called our attention to a place where General Custer battled with the Indians. The whole day's run has been interesting, and we covered 142 miles.



COWBOY ON A BUCKING BRONCHO NEAR
GARDEN CITY, KANSAS



KANSAS COWBOY

*Garden City, Kansas, Friday evening,
October 14, 1921.*

We parked our car last night in McPherson's Main Street. At 8 o'clock this morning as our baggage was being stored away in the car by the porter of the hotel, a tough looking individual, loafing in front of the hostelry, volunteered this information:

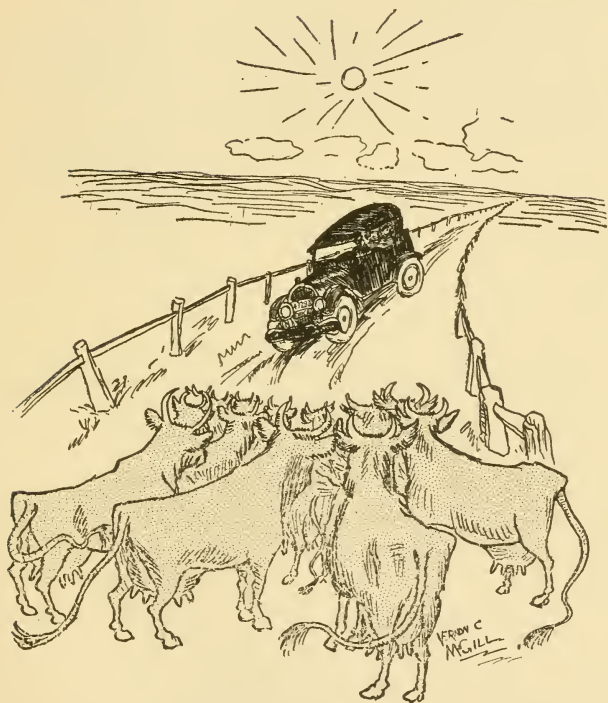
"Don't youse folks know that cars are stole every night from these streets? I see by the Chicago label on your car that you come from my home town. I lived on West Madison Street," and before he had finished we knew his life's history. On the highway everybody is the tourist's friend.

The morning was clear and bright and the sun very warm even at that time of day. We left McPherson over the Santa Fe Trail and turned west

again toward the Land of the Setting Sun. The town is clean, attractive and prosperous looking, very similar to the other towns and villages that we pass through every half hour or so. They all have their Main Street and their scattered residence district.

The Santa Fe Trail is a hard clay highway, level and smooth as a city pavement, but we found as we sped along that the towns were getting farther and farther apart, until in the early afternoon we found ourselves out in the vast expanse of the great American prairies. In all that boundless space the eye could not see a tree: not even a bush was visible. One's vision seemed to cover hundreds of miles and the view was magnificent. When we stopped the car the stillness seemed uncanny. No living thing was to be seen or heard, with the exception of several huge birds which swooped past us. They were bigger than turkeys and we wondered what they might be. It is possible they were buzzards. Later in the afternoon we passed houses, miles apart, and fields that were cultivated in open ranges. From time to time we passed groups of cowboys herding their cattle by the side of the highway. In appearance they conformed to every movie standard.

Tonight, sitting in the lobby of the Winsor Hotel here in Garden City, I gathered much information about Kansas from the occupants of the easy chairs. I learned that Kansas is the country of red barns, red cheeked girls and ready money. It is the gran-



WE WERE COWED ON A KANSAS ROAD

ary of the nation. More than \$800,000,000 pour into Kansas yearly in payment for its farm products. Minerals and oil also bring a steady stream of money into the state.

I would like to describe the sunset on the prairie as we neared Garden City this evening, but it surpasses my power of description. The run today was an even 200 miles.



A COW GIRL RIDING A BUCKING BRONCHO AT
GARDEN CITY, KANSAS



AN INTRUDER IN COLORADO

*Las Animas, Colorado, Saturday evening,
October 15, 1921.*

After a very good breakfast at the Winsor Hotel in Garden City, I took the car over to the nearest filling station to get its daily ration of gas, oil and water. I could not find the proper oil so had to scour Main Street for it. At last I located some that was suitable at a hardware store, had all of the old oil drained out as I had driven more than a thousand miles since it was last drained. After shooting the old oil over the springs, steering gear and shackle bolts as per directions, the car purred smoothly back to the hotel. There I found a little reception committee, composed of the hotel porter, my wife and daughter, with the baggage all lined

up on the sidewalk, awaiting me and ready for the day's start. After being duly reprimanded for the long time it took to get the car, we were soon on our way.

Just out of Garden City they were doing work on the Santa Fe Trail and we started the day with a long detour over a sandy and rather rough road which made travel heavy. We were unable to make much time, for detours, sand and rough roads were encountered for the whole day.

We crossed the Colorado state line before noon, but not before we had set our watches back one hour to conform with standard time. Mountain time begins at Dodge City, Kansas, and thus our day was lengthened sixty minutes.

We had lunch at the Harvey Restaurant at Syracuse. Up to this, the seventh day of the trip, the



ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

weather has been fine, sunshiny and clear and very hot. The country through which we sped today was similar to that in southern Kansas, a flat prairie country with few houses and small towns at long distances. The towns and country are typically western. In one of the towns today we saw the sign, "THE WEST BEGINS HERE." We secured some snapshots and sketches of cowboys and cattle scenes along the way.

We found the people friendly and apparently they like to have tourist cars pass through their towns. Such signs as follow were displayed at various places:

"WELCOME," "HURRY BACK," "COME AGAIN," "GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK," "GOOD BYE AND GOD BLESS YOU."

Many who speak to us along the way remark on the Chicago sign on the car. They have been in Chicago or are going there; have friends living there. But, to get back to the day's run.

This day we encountered the worst roads we have found so far. Often the roads were so sandy that ten miles was the limit. Some roads were rough and others under repair. It was quite dark before we reached Las Animas, and we had some difficulty in picking our way, even with the searchlight on. The earth was very dry, and if we met a car or lumbering wagon, the lights would not penetrate the dust. We were not familiar with the road and the dark, dusty atmosphere was bewildering.



NIGHT

About fifteen miles from Las Animas we were stopped by a pile of lumber and dirt across the entire roadway. On making an investigation with our hand flashlight, we discovered a sign which read: "Bridge down—Road closed." By this time the night was inky black and we had planned to make Las Animas during daylight hours, but had not allowed for bad roads. If there were any stars in the sky they were obscured from our view by the dust. No lights were visible anywhere. Rolling prairies were on either side and a closed road in front of us. What were we to do?

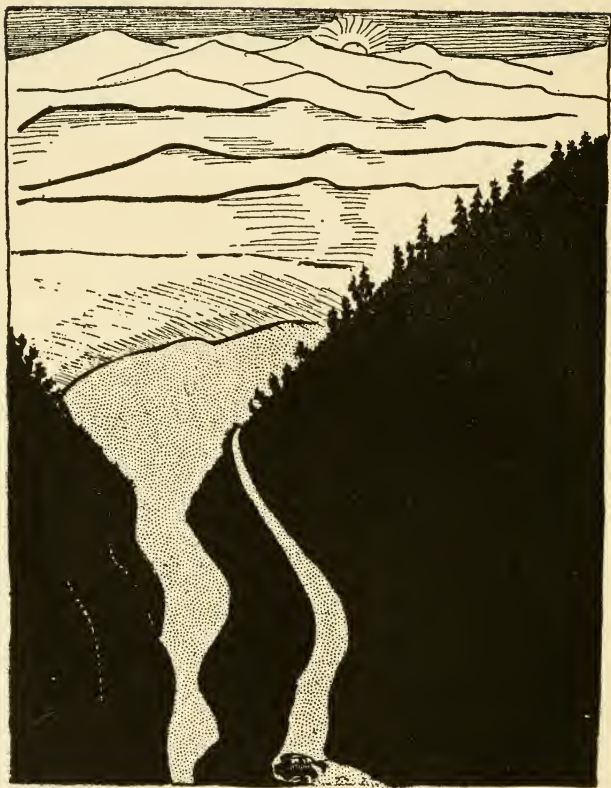
Further search disclosed a detour down a steep bank which would have been hazardous in broad daylight. This detour led to a river bed which was nearly dry, across the river bed and up a steep bank

on the other side to the roadway. My wife went ahead with the hand flashlight, pointing the way. The flash could not be seen from the car on account of the sharp turns, but I put the lever in first gear and with a tight grip on the brakes started down the bank in the Stygian darkness. We partly skidded and slid to the bottom. A rustling in the bushes brought highwaymen to mind, but we finally got safely up to the road on the other side, only to encounter several miles of new gravel.

We passed several more such detours before we saw the welcome lights of Las Animas. Close to the town we passed many cars and wagons driven by Mexicans. Driving into the town we were impressed by the crowds on the streets and the great number of cars parked solidly on both sides of the thorofare. Of course it is Saturday night and this doubtlessly counts for the great number and their gaiety. Besides the many Mexicans there are soldiers and sailors in uniform, as there is an army camp and naval hospital near here.

We were able to secure rooms for the night at the Palace Hotel, and have parked the car at the entrance on Main Street. At dinner the waitress explained that Las Animas in Spanish means "lost souls." "The town is called 'the city of lost souls' and believe me, that's right," volunteered our informer.

We expect to make only a short run tomorrow as it will be Sunday. Today's mileage was 143.



RAION PASS



DRIVING ALONG THE CREST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

*Trinidad, Colorado, Sunday evening,
October 16, 1921.*

We left Las Animas at 9:30 this morning. On leaving "the city of lost souls" we remarked on the difference in appearance of the town in broad daylight. Gone was the gaiety and the crowd of the night before, and all that was left to give animation to the scene was a single Mexican strolling leisurely between the two rows of straggling shacks which composed Main Street.

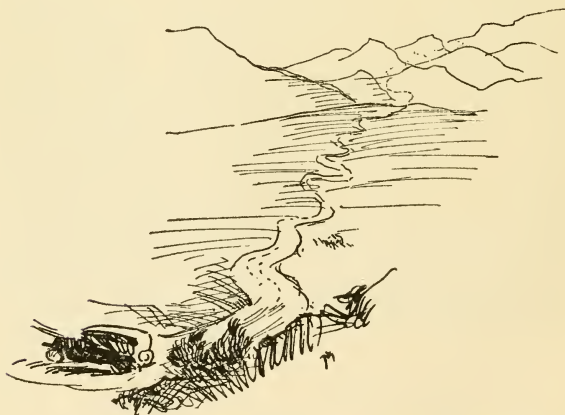
Just out of town we came to a temporary bridge, the old one having been washed away by the Pueblo flood last spring. The bridge looked shaky. It did not look as if it would stand up under the weight of

our car. I got out to look it over and found an old man also looking at it.

"Is it safe?" I inquired, being somewhat doubtful and wanting some assurance.

"I was just wondering if it was, and was waiting around to see," he replied, and appeared interested in our projected ride over it.

It creaked and bent a little under the weight, but we got safely over and were soon following the Trail which today paralleled the Santa Fe Railway. The road was rough and choppy and in places was soft and sandy, so we were able to make only very slow time. The drive for most part was through a barren prairie, similar to a desert. There was very



JOHNSON HILL NEAR SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO



COLORADO



PULLING UP THE GRADE AT BLUE CANYON

little cultivated land and very few trees. The day was hot and the alkali dust blew up in clouds. Early this morning we could see the blue outlines of the Rocky Mountains to westward, but it was 5:30 when we reached Trinidad, after climbing a winding, mountain road. We found here the most picturesque city we have seen on our way. It is perched high up and nestles in the mountains, hemmed in by gigantic peaks on all sides. We drove up to the Columbian Hotel just at dusk and put up for the night. On the sidewalk outside the hotel was an old man selling papers, his long hair was white as were also his long, thin whiskers. Over one arm he carried his stock in trade. A cane in the other hand supported his bent and shaking form, but he had a publicity stunt for selling papers which I had never heard of. He sang to a very tuneful air the names of the sheets he had on sale: "Pueblo Examiner and Rocky Mountain News." It drew attention and we all picked up the air.

Trinidad boasts at least one traffic cop. He is stationed at the busiest street corner. On arriving at this corner you must bring your car to a full stop. The city ordinance says you must signal with the horn which way you want to turn. To turn one way you must blow once, to turn the other way it is necessary to blow it twice.

Tonight from one of the highest pinnacles there stands out against the sky in huge electric lighted letters, the word, "TRINIDAD." It is an inspiring sight.

Our run today covered 116 miles.



THE NATIVE SALUTATION IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE IN ARIZONA; "LADY,—NICE POTTERY, ONLY TWO BITS"



B

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS



THE SHADES OF NIGHT

*Las Vegas, New Mexico, Monday evening,
October 17, 1921.*

We got an early start from Trinidad this morning, leaving there at 8:30. Almost immediately after leaving the city we were in the Rocky Mountains, going up a winding road of easy grade. We passed the state line into New Mexico a few miles out. The grade to Raton Pass starts just outside of Trinidad and rises for four miles. The road then runs along the crest of the mountains for four miles. There is rather a sharp descent into the town of Raton. The road is excellent, in fact is paved all the way through this famous pass. The scenery is grand, majestic, magnificent. I cannot begin to describe the splendor of the colossal peaks which

tower one behind the other in endless number. We could look for miles down the valley below us and there were sheer drops of hundreds of feet from the sides of the road over which we carefully drove the car. There are thrills in this mountain run at every turn. Warning signs greet one continuously. "DANGER, sharp curve ahead," "Dangerous cross road. Sound your horn." And this road reminded us of Kipling's description of moving artillery across the mountains in India :

"One wheel on the edge of the mountain,
And one on the edge of the pit,
And a drop into nothing below it,
As straight as a beggar could spit."



INSPECTING AN ADOBE BUILT INDIAN HOME

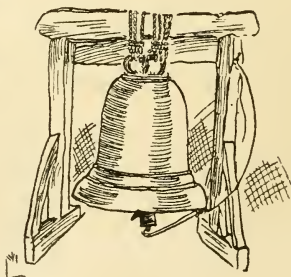
Our car was often in a similar position. The driver must keep his eye steadfastly on the road and consequently misses much of the wonderful scenery.

We passed through the town of Raton and through several other towns and villages, and during this afternoon we encountered the worst roads we have yet found. In fact I never saw a worse road anywhere. It is the champion bad road and there is about ten miles of it. It lies between Wagon Mound and Watrous.

It starts out with very soft silt, into which the wheels sink hub deep at times. Underneath this silt there are sharp stones of various sizes over which the car bumps from one to another. After five or six miles this so-called road develops into a very rocky trail which twists in serpentine fashion across a rolling prairie. It seemed as if all the rocks in the vicinity had been collected and strewn along the way so that cars could have a regular series of bumps. Mayhap the tire manufacturers are in conspiracy with the road supervisor of this district. The trail led up over a fair sized mountain which was covered with extra large rocks with jagged edges, that constantly tore at the tires. But large rocks, middle size rocks or small rocks, it was impossible to escape them. We could move only at a crawling pace. It is inconceivable that this part of the great trans-continental highway, the Santa Fe Trail, over which hundreds of motorists pass daily, should continue in such condition. A little

work at removing the stones would make a great difference in this stretch. Spots like this emphasize the necessity for a National Ocean to Ocean Transcontinental Paved Highway. Motorists are long-suffering, but I think that very many roads like this would make them rise up and demand that the Federal Government build a suitable highway across the continent.

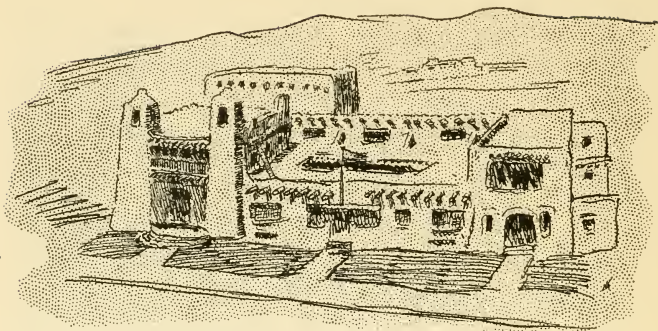
We found a fairly good road the last twenty miles into Las Vegas, where we arrived at 5:30 in the afternoon, after a day's run of 140 miles.



SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO; THE OLDEST AND THE NEWEST BELL(E) IN THE UNITED STATES. BROTHER DAVID, THE PADRE AT THE SAN MIGUEL CHURCH, EXPLAINED THAT THE ST. JOSEPH BELL IS THE OLDEST CHURCH BELL IN AMERICA



THE SANGRE DE CRISTO MOUNTAINS



THE ART MUSEUM AT SANTA FE, TYPICAL OF LOCAL
STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE

*Santa Fe, New Mexico, Tuesday evening,
October 18, 1921.*

We arrived in this historic place, the oldest city in the United States, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The city marks the end of the Santa Fe Trail and is so advertised on hotel letterheads, etc. With an exception of the last twelve miles, the roads between this point and Las Vegas are rather rough. The latter part of the road through the Sangre de Cristo Mountains is excellent, for it is a hard-surfaced highway. These mountains contain some of the highest peaks in America, one peak rising to the height of 13,000 feet, and the scenery is magnificent.

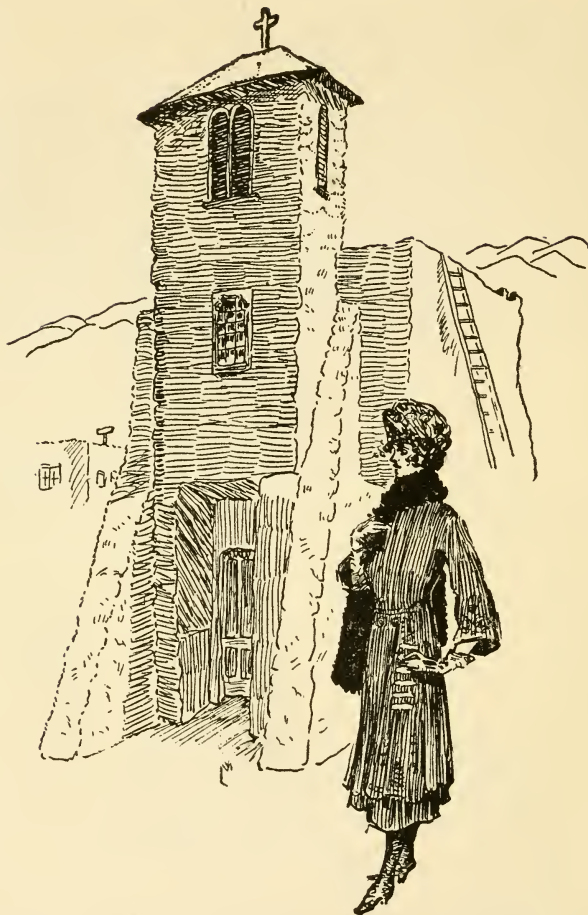
Curves in this road are very sharp and the grades are very steep in places, making it necessary to

drive with great care as one false turn would send the car rolling down the mountain side.

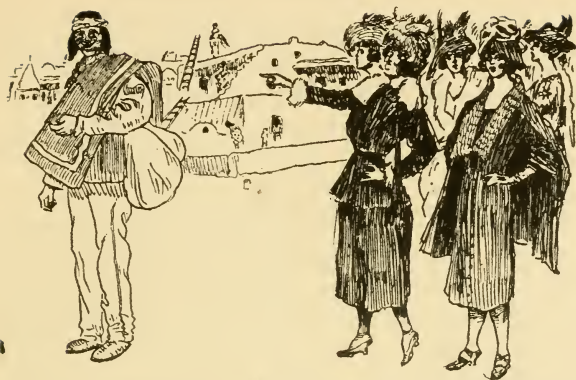
There is an old world atmosphere in Santa Fe. As one walks through the streets or the Palace of the Governors, he is reminded that these same walls echoed the tread of Spanish cavaliers in clinking armor more than three centuries ago. From point of continuous historical record, this city antedates St. Augustine, Florida, and on every side something is called to one's attention as being the "oldest in the United States." The glory and the fame of this town depends on its antiquity. Santa Fe does not aspire to modern things. Its architecture is a combination of Indian Pueblo and early Spanish style. Many of the buildings are splendid specimens of this happy combination. Here, too, is the



HOPI INDIAN BASKET DANCE



A SKETCH AT SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO; IN FOREGROUND
NEWEST GOWN IN THE UNITED STATES; IN BACKGROUND
THE OLDEST CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES, THE SAN
MIGUEL CHURCH



THIS NATIVE NEW MEXICAN EVEN IF HE DID NOT SELL ANY OF HIS INDIAN BLANKETS WAS PLEASANT ENOUGH TO TAKE A SMILING POSE FOR A SNAP SHOT FOR "TWO BITS." THIS WAS THE INDIAN MARKET PRICE FOR SNAP SHOT EXPOSURE.

center of a new school of art, for there is a somewhat pretentious colony of artists located here and at Taos.

The plan of the town is Spanish, with central Plaza and narrow streets. The Catholic church of San Miguel is the oldest church edifice in the United States. The priest of the parish conducted us through the ancient structure, carefully pointing out the oldest church bell in the United States, which had been cast in Spain. He showed us the spot at the altar under which Vargas, the oldest Spanish Governor, was buried. Across the alley from the church he showed us the oldest house in America. He told us some of the most ancient jokes in the United States, and we were glad to get out-

side once more and see some of the oldest sunshine in the United States. We walked down the oldest street in the United States and went into a restaurant which looked very modern, but we suspected that we were served some of the oldest chicken in the United States.

The fifty miles square around Santa Fe comprises the most interesting area of that size in America. In this area are found the homes of the ancient Cliff Dwellers. Their communal houses sometimes contained as many as a thousand rooms. The builders of the colossal modern hotels of a thousand rooms, are not starting anything new, for this mode of living was in vogue in communal houses long ago. This district was the center of the prehistoric population of America, and while the



A BARBARIC INDIAN DANCE AT SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO. THE BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE PALACE OF THE GOVERNORS, OVERLOOKING THE PLAZA.

entire history of this ancient race has not yet been unearthed, enough has been found to assure us that this was the site of a prehistoric metropolis.

We halted a day in this interesting city for sight-seeing. The influence of Spanish occupancy is still felt; the old families still use the Spanish language and commercial houses use both Spanish and English. The Indian city of Taos, near by, is the center of Indian culture. The natives live as they did many centuries ago without any of the modern improvements. It is an artistic center and a very interesting spot.

At the Varges Hotel where we are living during our stay in Santa Fe, we have met many noted people. It is quite a Mecca for tourists and among them we find several lecturers who are gathering data for discourses on Indian lore and cliff dwelling, some artists who are sketching or painting the region, a Burton Holmes camera man who is making a series of motion pictures, and many other interesting people.

The run from Las Vegas to Santa Fe was 77 miles.



CROSSING THE MOJAVE DESERT



DESCENDING DEVIL'S CANYON GRADE

*Belen, New Mexico, Thursday evening,
October 20, 1921.*

We left Santa Fe about 9:30 this morning. We came away from the city of Holy Faith reluctantly, and the memory of it will long linger with us. The last sign that we saw on the mountain road as we reached the city limits, was: "Good Bye—Good Luck—God Bless You."

We headed southwest towards the mountains on the Albuquerque road. Eighteen miles out we passed over the Bajada Hill. We had discussed the difficulties of this route and had been warned by tourists to beware of Bajada Hill, as it was the most risky and hazardous grade we would encounter. True, it proved to be the steepest grade



QUO VADIS?

we have so far met. The altitude of the top of the mountain is 8,000 feet above sea level, and the base has an elevation of 3,500 feet. From top to bottom the descent is very rapid. It is more than quick. One feels as if the car were going to fall over into the curve in the road below, but one is out of this curve and into the next one so quickly that no time would be gained by falling. The road winds down the mountain side in a series of hairpin curves and looks like a snake in motion. Twisting and turning we kept getting lower and lower, and as the road is very narrow and the turns very sharp, unless one drives carefully he may have to back up to get around some of the curves if he is driving a big car. There are 48 curves in this road from the top of the hill to the bottom, and the distance is but one and a half miles.

From the foot of the hill we pushed forward over fair roads to Albuquerque, where we arrived about one o'clock. For ten miles before we reached the city we found the road well paved. After lunch in this, New Mexico's largest city, we continued over good roads to Belen, New Mexico, where we are staying for the night. The Geographies give Belen a population of 2000, but all we could see in this town were several stores, a movie theatre and a Fred Harvey restaurant at the Santa Fe station.

The day's run was 99 miles.



HALTED AT NIGHT AT CIVILIZATION'S OUTPOST

*Magdalena, New Mexico, Friday evening,
October 21, 1921.*

After breakfast at Harvey's at Belen, we again headed westward. The road ran through a country partly mountainous and partly prairie. Now we would be running along the top of a mountain on a tableland, and again we would be rolling along a dry river bottom. The country was mostly barren with very little cultivation. Here and there were herds of cattle and goats. Every now and then we would pass a group of Indians beside the highway. The land was mostly a sandy waste with green hummocks scattered over it. Occasionally there were bunches of palmetto and cactus. During the day we passed a dead rattlesnake and several skeletons of animals.

Crossing the Rio Grande we found ourselves on



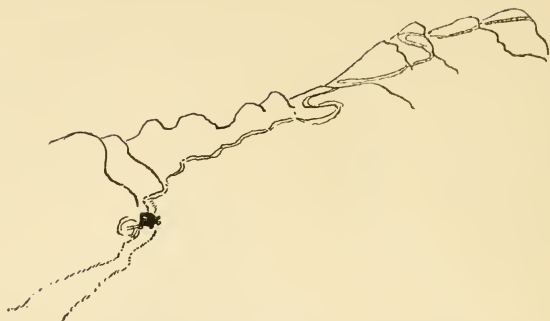
ARIZONA

an upgrade which passed through an Indian village of adobe houses and on into the mountains. The grade developed into a steep ascent, called Fisher's Hill. At the top was an amazing view of valley, mountain and plain. The descent was very precipitous and is called Johnson's grade, outrivalling Bajada Hill.

We stopped at Socorro for mid-day lunch, and a short distance out of the village we started up another mountain road which led into Devil's Canyon. We found this the most difficult of the mountain roads so far, principally on account of the many stones in it. We agree that Devil's Canyon was rightly named, for it is a devil of an automobile ride through it. The road was narrow, winding and treacherous, and the grade took us up a mile and a half in the air. But we continued over mountain and through valley passes for twenty miles before we reached Magdalena.

This is a mining town completely surrounded by mountains. On a rock in the side of one of the mountains appears the likeness of a face of a woman, and the early settlers believing it to be a picture of Mary Magdalene, named the town Magdalena.

Today's run was 77 miles.



A MOUNTAIN ROAD THROUGH THE GREAT MINING
DISTRICT AT OATMAN, ARIZONA

*Springerville, Arizona, Saturday evening,
October 22, 1921.*

We left Magdalena at 8:45 this morning, emerging immediately into rolling prairie land. The roads were fairly good but the country was sterile and covered with sagebrush and cactus. We soon, however, encountered very bad roads which continued on past Datil, where we crossed the continental divide about noon. We crossed the Arizona state line about 5:30, and drove into Springerville about 7 p. m., when it had become quite dark. This town is more than 100 miles from any railroad, consequently all prices are high. Here we were charged fifty cents per gallon for our gas and the prices of other things were in proportion.

A Saturday Night Dance was on at the Apache Tavern where we are staying for the night. There

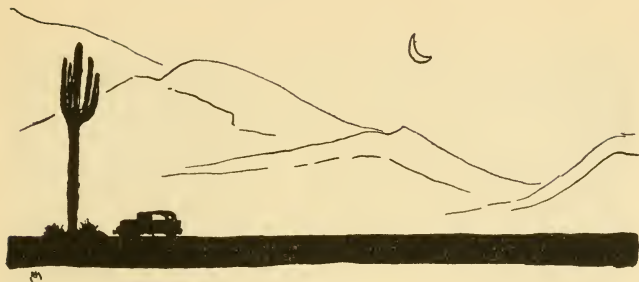


NATURE IS WONDERFUL BUT IS OVERSHADOWED
TEMPORARILY AT TIMES

were no Apache Indians at the dance, although they belong to the oldest families living in that neighborhood. The cowboys and their girls came in from a radius of more than fifty miles, some on horseback and some in automobiles. Some of the cowboys carried guns in their hip pockets and some wore them slung on their belts in front. Most of them were large handled guns, some looked like small cannon. The guns jumped around with them when they danced the foxtrot, but there was no shooting so far as we saw. Although they had hard faces and strutted with a defiant, devil-may-care attitude, the dance passed off peaceably.

I asked my tourist friend from Kansas City, who was also driving through to Los Angeles and whom we had passed on the road once or twice during the past week, if he thought we were safe in this town. He had caught up with us again here in Springer-ville and assured me that the cowboys were peaceable and friendly, but had to carry guns as they rode the open ranges. He said he had driven through and stopped in this town on several previous occasions.

The day's run was 134 miles.



ON THE DESERT

*Winslow, Arizona, Sunday evening,
October 23, 1921.*

We left Springerville this morning with the impression that it was a very wild and wooly, western town. Picturesque groups of cowboys galloped down the main street, disturbing the Sunday quiet with an occasional yell of, "EE-YOW!" They were all in regulation dress with full equipment, their guns being well exposed. They seemed to be taking a day off and were endeavoring to demonstrate to onlookers just how tough they were. The town being just outside the pale of civilization on account of being so far away from a railroad, perhaps has some excuse for its air of wildness.

The drive today led through a rolling prairie district with some mountains and canyons. We passed many Apache Indians along the way, and about noon we stopped for an hour at the Petrified Forest



SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS NEAR FLAGSTAFF

near Holbrook. This is at once a strange and marvelous sight. We were quite fascinated. Trees of all sizes and turned to stone, were scattered around. The stone is of beautiful colorings, red, blue, yellow and gold, with multitudes of wonderful tints and shades. The bark and wood were all intact. In ages past these trees had been turned into chalcedony, topaz, carnelian, agate and amethyst. On looking over the ground we could well imagine it a vast jewelry store. It is said that this marvelous transformation took place before Adam's time. Through eons the sybaritic chemistry of nature worked on these ancient trunks, and with astounding results. The mountains around gave a weird background to this strange scene. They were of a chalky white color, streaked with red and blue. The earth was formed in such shapes as to give an illusion of massive buildings with pillars and buttresses. It looked like some imperial city of ancient times crumbling to decay.

The scene shifted to barren country as we moved on to Winslow. This town is misnamed, however, for the wind certainly is not "low" tonight. It howls and blows with ever increasing violence.

Today's run was 133 miles.

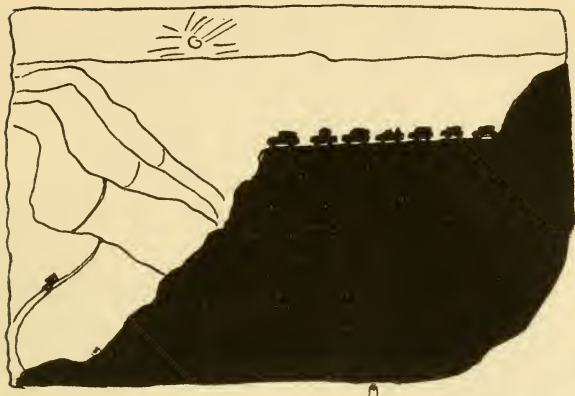
*Flagstaff, Arizona, Monday evening,
October 24, 1921.*

By morning the high wind of last night had become a hurricane, accompanied by thunder and lightning. We were held up at Winslow by the rain and did not get under way until after one o'clock. Consequently, we covered only 69 miles today.

We started out over the National Old Trails Highway, with all the curtains fastened tight. The leaden sky was covered along the horizon with black, rolling clouds. They were rolling towards us and the wind was blowing a gale, but rain had dwindled to a drizzle. The roadway was a sea of mud.

The garage man at Winslow had informed us before starting that word had been received from Flagstaff that the mountain passes through which we must go, were covered with three inches of snow that had fallen during the night. We hesitated at first but eventually decided to make a try for Flagstaff. We were told that we would most likely have to turn back, but *might* possibly get through. Everyone we spoke to about the roads and the weather, were just about as cheerful, so we started out with some doubts and misgivings.

Old man Gloom rode this morning right along with us. We were glum. The car went plowing through the mud with a squidgy sound. We were



THE MOUNTAIN DETOUR OUTSIDE OF WILLIAMS, ARIZONA

nearly stuck fast several times, but with manouvering and straining we managed to pull out. I had noticed at the Public Auto Camp at Winslow this morning that only about half the tourists' cars had pulled out, and now I could see the reason.

We encountered some difficult detours, but crawled slowly along for some thirty miles, when the San Francisco mountains near Flagstaff, became visible. They were white, very, very white, for they were completely covered with snow. We now began to worry about the snow covered passes through which we must drive.

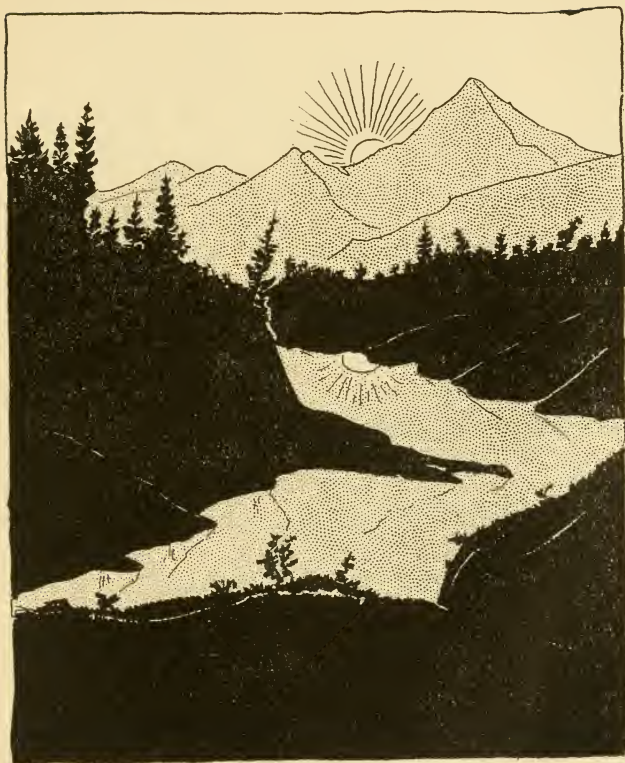
The day had grown cold and the wind howled. It was like a winter's day and there was no town between Winslow and Flagstaff. We had to keep moving.

As we reached the mountain passes which we had been informed were snow covered, slippery and dangerous, we found our fears were unnecessary. The snow had nearly all melted and although it had left the roads very muddy, they were passable.

About 5 o'clock we saw the cheerful lights of Flagstaff, and pulled up at the Commercial Hotel at 5:30, where we spent the night.

Flagstaff is an interesting town. It is a tourists' headquarters, a base from which they conduct their operations. It is located in the center of Nature's Wonderland and nestles in the foothills of the San Francisco peaks which are covered with snow for nine months of the year. Located near here are prehistoric cliff dwellings in Walnut Canyon. A petrified forest of Norfolk Island pine (now extinct) is close by. Sunset Mountain, which at any hour of the day is always flooded with light, is a brilliant sight. This effect of everlasting sunshine is caused by the oxidation of the iron particles in the rock on the mountain side.

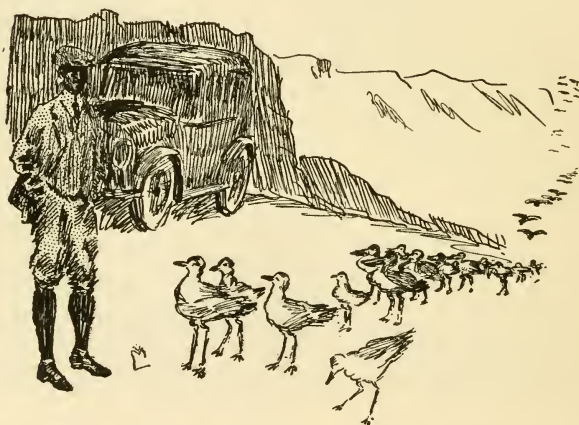
The lava beds are another attraction, located in the crest of Sunset Mountain. At the base are huge caves with walls of solid ice that stand the year round. The Painted Desert is another wonder, and is composed of patches of color, ten, twenty, and up to fifty miles square, blue here, yellow there, with now and then a patch of red and other colors. This area of strange colorings has been called, "Nature's Palette."



2

SOME OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS

Meteorite Mountain, formed of a huge meteor which sometime fell here, is still another wonder. The Grand Falls of the Colorado are surpassingly beautiful. Natural Bridge, Montezuma Well and Castle, Montezuma Lodge, The Bottomless Pit and numerous other places of interest are within a short radius. The Hopi and Navajo Indian Reservations are located near Flagstaff, and the greatest wonder of the world, the Grand Canyon, is only eighty miles away.



THE SEA GULL AND PELICAN BRIGADE INFORMED US WE WERE NEARING THE OCEAN; ALSO THAT THEY WERE HUNGRY

*Ashfork, Arizona, Tuesday evening,
October 25, 1921.*

We left Flagstaff at 10:30 this morning, after having transmission, etc., filled with grease. On account of the high altitude and the snow covered mountains the atmosphere was very chilly and the air was raw in town. The road led immediately into the deep valleys between the snow mantled hills but the roads were bare except in shady places. The pass was winding and for the first few miles was hard surfaced and good traveling. We were not alone, for there were many late starters along with us. There were all kinds of cars pushing westward in that gigantic caravan which ever keeps moving across the continent. Every car was loaded with baggage, the running board and space behind reserved for the spare tires being utilized in many cases. All were friendly, a sort of moving community.

A different panoramic view kept unfolding at every turn of the road. About fifteen miles out we ran into trouble. Reaching the top of a short but steep grade, we saw scattered along the highway ahead of us, several cars in strange positions. One was turned sideways, half off the road; another was fifteen feet down a muddy embankment. As we moved down the hill we soon learned the reason for our wheels sank into the soft, slippery mud and we started to skid and slide. The melting snow and

the water running down from the mountains had made the road a veritable sea of mud in which the cars were wallowing.

We plunged and lurched, and went skidding and careening to the bottom. Both back wheels were in one rut and the front ones in the other and we slid sideways some of the way down. We passed the car in the ditch. It was a Ford. The occupant said it was nothing, just a little accidental skid off the road. We passed several others on the way down, stuck fast in the mud, the drivers digging themselves out. We plowed through and were the first to get past this bad spot. Luckily the road was wide here and we had plenty of room to pass. Looking back we saw at least twenty cars behind us.

From this point the road improved and we made a quick run into Williams, where we stopped at Fred Harvey's for lunch. In answer to our inquiry regarding the road to Ashfork, the news agent said, "The road from here on is the worst in the country." This did not seem very encouraging, but we thought he might be plugging for the Santa Fe Railway, so we smiled, thinking it a good joke. It was no joke, however, for the road *was* the worst in the country.

Several miles out of Williams we saw a line of cars about a mile ahead which reminded us of Michigan Avenue during the evening rush hour. A string of cars a quarter of a mile long were lined up behind each other. The on-coming cars stopped

one by one as they reached the line. We joined them and I got out to investigate. It was a detour down the mountain side and through a valley. The highway was closed as roadwork was in progress. The detour was over ground that was rougher than I had ever seen automobiles run over before. It was muddy; it was rocky; it slanted first on one side and then on the other. It was narrow; it was terrible, the worst detour it had ever been my lot to encounter. And here was an army of motorists waiting patiently at the top.

A traffic officer was stationed on the brow of the mountain awaiting the signal from the traffic officer on the mountain at the other end of the detour to start the cars going. All cars headed westward had to wait for a single car coming across the detour from the west. We could see it a mile down in the valley being tossed around like a ship on an angry sea. After waiting for half an hour the westward traffic was started, and we crawled down over stones, mud and bumps, at a speed not exceeding a mile an hour. In the train of cars many springs and axles were snapped and broken.

We slid down with the rest of the bunch, the running board at times keeping the car from sinking entirely into the mire. It was a strained and severely shaken lot of cars that emerged from that memorable detour and we did not find the roads all the way to Ashfork in much better condition. I

should think it would be a hard matter to explain the reason for such roads.

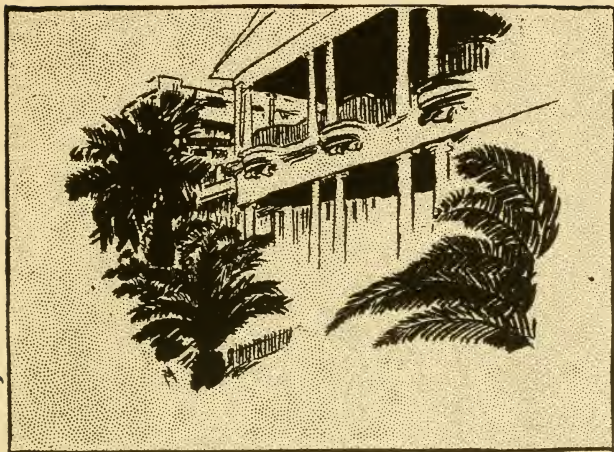
We arrived at the Escalante Hotel at 4 o'clock. It is remarkable to find such a luxurious hotel with every city accommodation and service in this outpost of human occupation. It is operated by the Fred Harvey System.

The day's run has been only 55 miles.

*Kingman, Arizona, Wednesday evening,
October 26, 1921.*

We arrived at Kingman at 4:30, Coast time, but it was 5:30 by our watches. Time changes again here, so we set our watches back an hour.

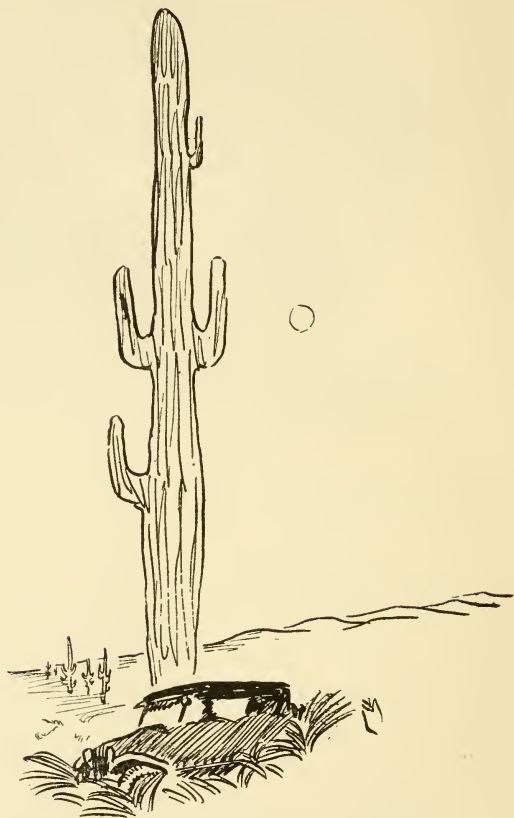
We left Ashfork this morning at 9:30 and the roads today led through valley and canyon. We stopped at Seligman, 20 miles out, for lunch. From there on we found excellent roads and made a quick hundred mile run into Kingman, where we are staying tonight in this mining center.



EL GARCES HOTEL AT NEEDLES, CALIFORNIA

*Needles, California, Thursday evening,
October 27, 1921.*

At last we are in the Golden State of California. We left Kingman this morning at 8:45, arriving here at noon. Needles is situated on the edge of the Mojave desert, and we made a short run of only 67 miles today, as we did not wish to venture into the desert wastes too late in the afternoon. In the summer, however, many tourists make the desert run at night to avoid the burning heat of the day. We preferred to start in the morning and cross in broad daylight. We intend to start early and make the run of 170 miles without stop.



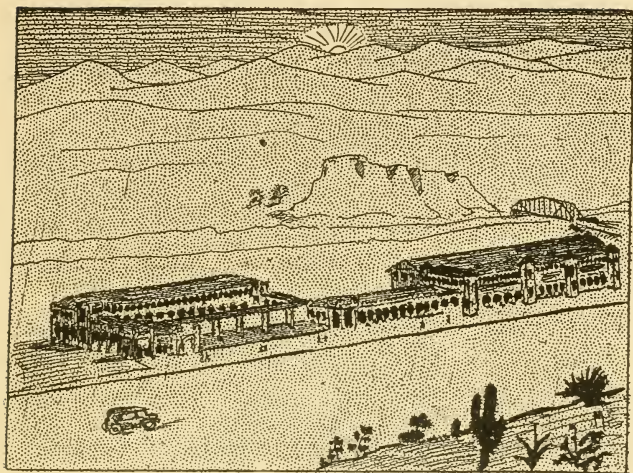
A GIANT CACTUS ON THE MOJAVE DESERT

On leaving Kingman this morning the road began to ascend through the mountains, rising continuously. The mountain pass proved to be a hard climb. This grade continued for several miles before we reached the crest. The descent was gradual and extended for many miles through a mining region. In the mountains we passed one abandoned gold mine, the mill buildings and cottages covering many acres. But all were empty, save one or two of the cottages. A few miles further on we passed a sign which stated, "You are now entering the district of the greatest undevelopd gold mines in America."

We continued in the mining country, over mountain passes with sharp curves and steep grades, for about thirty miles, passing through Oatman, a great mining center. Coming down from the mountains the road led over a rolling, rocky country, with much sage brush, sand and cactus. All the stones were black on top as though they had been painted. The highway skirted the Colorado River for many miles, to the point where we crossed the state line into California. We drove into Needles shortly after crossing the river, and housed at the Garges Hotel, also run by Fred Harvey. Many cross country motorists are in Needles. They are distinguishable anywhere. For most part both male and female are dressed in Khaki knickerbockers. One meets them on the streets and in the stores. They spend

their money freely, and are welcomed in every hamlet, town and city along the way.

Needles is picturesque and fascinating. It is a town of palm trees and flowers. It looks like a colorful background set for a musical extravaganza. Even the mountains which surround the town look as if they had been painted on an expansive drop curtain. Possibly this illusion is caused by the clearness of the atmosphere. Anyhow, the scene from our room in El Garges Hotel is one of artistic beauty. Through the French doors which open on to a large balcony with iron railings, we can see immense tropical palms, ten to fifteen feet high, gently waving in the hotel grounds. Past them, and behind the red roofs of the town, are the blue and purple mountains against a cerulean sky. Around the hotel grounds are groups of picturesque and gaudy Indians, selling their trinkets, their costumes of brilliant hues adding rich color to the scene. We have left a call for 5:30 in the morning, as we wish to get an early start across the great Mojave.



CASA DEL DESIERTO (HOUSE OF THE DESERT), HARVEY
HOTEL IN THE MOJAVE DESERT AT BARSTOW, CALIF.

*Barstow, California, Friday evening,
October 28, 1921.*

We drove out of Needles at 7:30 this morning, entering the Mojave desert immediately. For the first seventy miles the going was excellent, the road was smooth and fast. After passing Amboy, a desert hamlet, it became rough in places, and the desert winds had drifted sands across it in many places. We had read in the papers, some months ago, of a motorist who ran out of water while crossing this desert. He left his wife and family

of three children in the car while he started out in search, and two days later was found dead within 200 feet of a water hole. His wife and children were found in a famished condition, having had nothing to eat or drink all this time. The story made us cautious, so we stocked up with an abundant supply of both food and water. This precaution, however, was entirely unnecessary, as we found stores and gasoline stations every 20 miles or so across the desert.

Most motorists carry canvas waterbags strapped to the car. We carried a canteen of water, but had no occasion to use it. There is no reason for alarm at crossing the desert, for the road is fair. We reached Barstow at 4:15 in the afternoon, and the speedometer showed that we had run 166 miles since morning. We are staying tonight at the Casa del Deserto (House of the Desert), another Harvey hotel, located on the desert sands in Barstow. It is a specimen of Spanish architecture built of bricks, and covers an area equal to several city blocks. The service and accommodations are up to the best city standards.



HOLLYWOOD



LOS ANGELES AT SEVENTH AND BROADWAY



THE BATHING BEACH AT THE OCEAN FRONT, VENICE,
CALIF., ON AN OCTOBER DAY BESIDE A SUMMER SEA

*Ocean Front, Venice, California, Saturday evening,
October 29, 1921.*

We reached the end of our semi-continental run this evening at six o'clock, and are safely ensconced in our bungalow on the Ocean Front. We drove 172 miles today, and reached Venice in time to see the sunset on the Pacific. The glittering reflections of the red ball of fire danced on the waves right in to the breakers.

We left Barstow at 7:15 this morning over good roads. At noon we halted in San Bernardino for lunch. Fifty-five miles out from San B'doo we reached the summit of Cajon Pass. From that point

we found paved roads all the way into Venice, but we moved along within speed limit. The descent from Cajon Pass was gradual, with sharp turns and windings for a distance of about 14 miles. The scenes changed abruptly at every turn. Cactus and sage brush were left behind, and in their place we saw streets lined with blooming roses, palm trees and tropical vegetation everywhere. The fragrance of flowers was in the air; the roadway was flanked with towering trees. It seemed as if we had dropped into another world. The barren desert and rolling prairies seemed so far away.

We made a quick run through Pasadena and Los Angeles, and headed towards the ocean over Sunset Boulevard, passing through Hollywood and Beverly Hills. At Santa Monica we heard the first boom of the mighty Pacific, and felt a wave of refreshing salt breeze. We reached the bungalow just as the sun was sinking into the sea, and the air was balmy, just like June in Chicago.

We had reached our journey's end.



ON THIS OCTOBER SATURDAY, THE LAST DAY OF OUR RUN, IN PASSING THRU SAN BERNARDINO, WE NOTICED THE CALIFORNIANS IN SUMMER ATTIRE IN THEIR GARDENS CULTIVATING THE FLOWERS WHICH WERE IN BLOOM IN GREAT PROFUSION IN MANY BRILLIANT VARIEGATED COLORS.



THIS MAP AND THE ONE ON THE ACCOMPANYING PAGE SHOW THE ROUTE AND THE OVERNIGHT STOPS. FROM CHICAGO TO TRINIDAD WAS MOSTLY LEVEL ROLLING LAND. FROM THE ILLUSTRATION IT MAY BE SEEN THAT FROM TRINIDAD TO LOS ANGELES IS MOUNTANOUS COUNTRY.

*Los Angeles, Cal.,
January, 1922.*

*A Few Technical Suggestions by the Chicago
Motor Club—*

The following suggestions on our car by the Chicago Motor Club before starting on the trip, were found valuable:

Go over the car carefully. Grind all valves, clean out all carbon, tighten up all bearings, setting up every nut and bolt. Put on a new fan belt. Clean the radiator with a saturate solution of washing soda. Examine the generator and starter to know that they are clean and functioning. Drain the crank case and start with fresh oil. Go over the wiring system to see that there are no breaks. Put in new plugs and fuses. Clean and adjust the breaker points. Install new light bulbs and carry



an extra set of both fuses and bulbs of the kind and capacity your car requires. Charge the battery and fill with distilled water, then have it tested. Make sure that the switch and ammeter are working surely and that all connections are clean and tight.

The transmission should be drained, washed with kerosene and filled with fresh lubricant, and do the same with the differential. See that the clutch is clean, adjusted, and working smoothly. Brake bands should be renewed. This is important as there are many steep grades. If there is a backlash in the system have it removed. Have double check leaves on each front and rear spring. This prevents rebound and broken springs. Clean and graphite springs. Every 800 miles all oil should be drained out and shot with an oil gun on springs, shackle bolts, steering parts, etc. Adjust all bearings, clean them and pack with fresh grease.

Put a good leather dressing on the top and on all leather upholstery. Clean the body and add a good body polish to protect it from alkali dust. Rig over the filler cap a piece of ordinary wire screen, bulged up to give plenty of air space, and over this place

cheese cloth. This will catch the dust and prevent trouble with the vacuum tank and carburetor.

Start out with good tires and casings, carrying two extra ones. Clean and graphite the rims. If wire wheels are used have them trued up and enamelled. Carry five or six extra spokes for



ON THE BEACH AT VENICE, CALIFORNIA

emergency. Carry a folding spade and a tow line. If you heed these suggestions your journey will be more comfortable and you will be saved much trouble.

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